

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

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TERMS.

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Self-Defence vs. Proscription.

Alluding to the Radical howl about proscription, Albert Pike remarks: It is nonsense to talk about proscription for opinion's sake. We are not engaged in a political campaign or controversy. It is a war against us. We resist the robbery of our human rights. The men who take them from us are our bitter enemies, hateful and detestable to us. Even the worm, trodden on, has the right of self-defence. Are we to love those by whose votes Brownlow's State Guards infest the State of Tennessee? Shall we employ the negro, who, just emancipated, and wonderfully invested with the right of suffrage, votes to deprive us of that right? The Radicals offer the persuasive bribe of confiscation, and forty acres of land for each. Is it any longer a moral wrong for us to apply the argumentum ad hominem, by determining no longer to hire or employ those who take this bribe, or even to buy their votes, with money, if we can? No. When the right of suffrage was given them, a vast market was opened, in which votes were for sale. That is the inevitable result of so cheapening and degrading the franchise. When the brigand's knife is at your throat, you have the right to buy him off.

It is an equal folly to deal with white men who vote to continue your subjugation. It is but wise and right that those who do so should be left to look to their own partisans and conspirators for support. Is that "persecution"? Pshaw! it is a lawful act of self-defence.

The following obituary notice recently appeared in a German paper:

"My husband is no more. He did not wish to live longer, and, if he had, it would have made no difference, for gout entered his stomach, and was soon followed by death. I shall marry the doctor, who so kindly attended my late husband. Soft rest the ashes of the departed one, whose whole sale liquor business I shall continue at the old stand."
"MARIA W. SCHLEMM."

THE VICTIMS.—The New York Post, commenting on the flatboat counterfeiting, which is so extensive on North River, says:

These flatboat counterfeits have, it is said, made nearly half a million dollars in fractional currency during the winter. This spurious money has been distributed over the Union, but the larger part of it is reported to have been sent to the Southern States.

The proprietor of a brewery at Rondout, N. Y., had his sight nearly destroyed a few days ago by red pepper and salt thrown at him by a neighbor's wife. Cause of offence the building of a fence sixteen feet high in order to balk the lady's curiosity, which she sometimes displayed in reference to his domestic affairs. How dared he!

We find the following excellent letter in the Home Journal. It is as applicable to Lincoln as to Franklin county:

To the Colored People of Franklin County.

Having promised Mr. Colyar that I would attend a meeting of the colored people at Winchester, but finding it impossible, from the fact of an appointment having been made for me by my friends in my old county, (Maury,) I have concluded to write you a letter, giving you briefly my views about the public matters in which we are now interested.

I am a Conservative, and for many weeks have been hard at work to convince my colored fellow-citizens of their true interests, and to show them, as far as I could, how important it was for them to act with the Conservative party in the coming election. I am doing this through no designing motive, but for the good of my people. I am an old man, and have not long to live. I have spent a good deal of my time at Washington City, and know many of the public men of both sections of the country, and I believe the true interest of the colored man is to live in friendship with the people among whom God in His providence has cast our lot. Our people are scattered over eleven States, and all number about 4,000,000.

Our final home is obliged to be among the white people—who number ten or twelve millions, of these eleven States. The climate North does not suit our race, and if it did, the people there are not favorably inclined toward our emigrating there. If we were in the Northern States in large numbers a violent opposition would spring up by the laboring classes of that country because we would be competitors for employment. We will never be content to be sent away into an unsettled country and colonized, though this is what Governor Brownlow proposed to do with us since he has been Governor, and before he concluded to make voters of us in order to keep himself and his friends in power.

This country is our home.—Here we hope to be buried; and in this country, and among these ten or twelve millions of white people, we expect to leave behind us, when we are dead and gone, our children.

Now, the great question is, and the one which has given me lately so much trouble, has been my constant thoughts by day, and my dreams by night—Shall the two races, living here upon the same soil, be friends or enemies? If I turn against the white people and help to keep them down, and deprive them of their rights, just so that a few Radicals can hold office, I know that when they get free they will curse me in their hearts, and that not without cause. The Government of the United States has pardoned almost everybody who had anything to do with the rebellion; and in the States South of us only a few of the people are cut off from voting. But here, in Tennessee, the Radical party seems to be a thousand times more bitter than anywhere else in the United States, and they are already defying the United States, and are imposing terms on the people much more severe than the United States is doing. They have, for the time, deprived most of the white people from voting, and yet they make all pay heavy taxes and support the government. After making a law which is a severe one, they undertook to confer upon the Governor the right to set aside all the voters in any or all the counties; and the whole thing of voting they undertook to put in the hands of the Governor. This is an absolute

despotism, and of course it cannot last longer than it will take to get it decided by the high Courts.

Now, suppose we help Brownlow in this effort to take away the liberties of the people.—What will be our condition when the white people get free? This cannot last long. Nearly all the people in the State, except the office holders of the Radicals, here and elsewhere, are beginning to say they will not sustain such a despotism as this is. Men are getting their eyes open everywhere, and they are coming out against such acts of despotism.—This reign of despotism madness can't last.

Why, in many of the counties the Registrars just disregard the law, and set themselves up to determine who shall have certificates. If we help these men, or seem to stand by them, or go into the Leagues with them, we must expect the white people to look upon us as enemies. Whenever we help to deprive the people of the South of their right to vote, and join in with men who disregard all law just for the sake of office, we may expect bitterness by the people injured towards us.

In the first place, it is not right that this course should be pursued by us. We should at least be content with what the Federal Government does towards the people of the South. If they have been pardoned by the Federal Government, we should say amen to it.

In the second place, it is against our interest to pursue this course. We cannot live among the people of this country if we become their enemies. The whole country would be constantly in a state of war, and the strongest party would drive out the weak.

The men who are stirring up this strife are not our real friends.—They are trying to use us for their own purposes, without caring what becomes of us after they accomplish their purposes.

We know the old citizens of this country, and we know we can rely on what they say; and if they pretend to be our friends, we can depend upon them. Strangers may be good men, or they may be bad men, and we had better stick by those we know, especially when it is right to do so.

If, by taking sides with the Conservatives in the approaching election, we relieve the white people from their present Brownlow bondage, we make them our last friends; whereas, if we help the party trying to keep them down, we make them enemies for life.

There is a great change going on here among the colored people, who are getting their eyes open. I hope, all over the country, you will study the true interests of our race and act the part of freedmen, and become a Christian people.

ELIAS POLK.
NASHVILLE, JUNE 28, 1867.

A registrar, writing to the Copiahan, from Covington county, Miss., says:

We are now at Zion Seminary. In this neighborhood resides John G. Ingram, who has been married 3 times. His first wife had 3 children, the second 12, and the third 18, all of which are living, except one, who died in the army. Mr. Ingram is in his 76th year, his wife is 41, and the youngest child 3½ years old.

A Mobile paper says to the citizens, "Die while you can die cheap," and says of the city sexton, Our old friend, Berronjon, will bury any one—friend or foe—at twenty per cent. reduction of former prices. Here's your time.

A Republican paper in Wisconsin says that party has "gone mad on humbug," and "adheres consistently to nothing."

Temple of the Muses.

For the Fayetteville Observer.

Lines to Cousin Lelia.

May your smiles be crowned with kisses, love,
By Angela while you sleep;
May your life be filled by blisses, love,
That you may never weep.

May your days on earth be many, love,
Yes, all that you may crave;
May your troubles not be any, love,
This side your mortal grave.

May all thy thoughts be pleasure, love,
While on this earth you stay;
May bliss be thy sweet treasure, love,
Throughout your earthly day.

LADY'S STOCKINGS.

A clothes-line in yonder garden
Goes wandering among the trees,
And on it two very long stockings
Are kicking the evening breeze;
And a lot of fancy dry goods,
Whose nature I cannot divine,
Are wildly and merrily flapping
About on the same old line.

And a very sly young lady
At the parlor window sows;
And I rather conclude, if you tried it,
You'd find she'd fit into "them hose."
She's only a half length picture,
Fore-shortened below the breast;
But the dry goods which dance on a tight rope
Out yonder just make up the rest.

So dream-like she seems—so gentle—
You'd think her too good for earth:
And I feel that a holier spirit
Is banishing vulgar mirth
To its worldly home—by jingo!
What a flourish that muslin throws;
And how uncommonly taper
Those stockings go off at the toes!

O eyes! like the sky when 'tis bluest!
O hair! like the night without star!
O muslin and hose! I can't help it!
You still draw my thoughts over "thar."
The lady alone is substantial,
The clothes but a fancy ideal;
Yet some how or other—confound it!
I've mixed up the sham and the real.

O love! you're the same old sixpence,
With the post, the muff, or the brick,
You go up with a rush like a rocket,
But come down at last like the stick.
And let love thoughts be lofty or lowly,
Platonic or flesh, I opine
That they all, like yonder dry goods and stockings
Belong to the very same line!

A Wonderful Story.

A young lady by the name of Caroline Law, in Clinton, Illinois, over two years ago, after washing windows, was replacing them, when she stuck her hand through the glass, running several long pieces into her hand. After several days a physician was called, and, as supposed, the glass all extracted. But it appears not to have been the case, as a large quantity was left in the hand, which soon made its appearance under the skin on her arm, and was cut out by her surgeon. It continued spreading until it has extended to all parts of her body. Six months ago it caused the lock-jaw, with which she was afflicted for about six weeks, during which time she partook of no sustenance, except that which she could drink through her clenched teeth. At present she is a raving maniac more than half the time, and in such agony as words will not describe, and too incredible to tell.—At intervals she is rational, able to sit up and do some work. Up to a few days ago, over twelve hundred pieces of glass had been cut out of her flesh.—DeKalb News.

A directory recently published in Richmond gives, in its local history of the city, the singular and significant fact that 368 houses in the city are owned by negroes, all of which were acquired while slavery existed, and no instance has occurred since the termination of the war of any negro purchasing or acquiring ownership of a house.

Besides executing Maximilian, the Mexicans shot Mejia and Miramon, two of his generals, who were natives.

Two young ladies have been court-martialed in Florida for putting flowers on Confederate graves.

Rather Embarrassing.

The Mobile Tribune tells the following:

A few days since Smith got into the street car, which was very much crowded, and seeing no immediate prospect to obtain a seat, he pushed on up the car to the front and took hold of a strap, and commenced an inspection of the passengers, a majority of whom were ladies. One young lady, whose countenance and dress plainly indicated that she was some rustic beauty, upon her first visit to the great city of Mobile, attracted his special attention.—

He was gazing in admiration at her rosy cheeks and wondering how she would manage to get her barrel hoop into its proper shape after such a jam, when the conductor started through to collect his fare. He at last reached the rustic beauty, who was decked out in a gorgeous manner with fantastically arranged red ribbons, and who seemed to be attempting to reach down as if to get something she had dropped on the floor, and in a polite tone requested her to lay in his palm a dime note. What was his surprise when the following words issued from her rosy lips: "Look a here, mister, I allers, when I travels, carries my money in my stocking, for you see nothin can get at it thar; and I'd thank you jist to stretch it for me as I'm so jammed I can't get at it." The conductor, who was young and quite modest withal, looked at the other passengers, some of whom were laughing at his predicament; two young ladies blushed scarlet, put their hands to their faces, peeped through their fingers and commenced giggling. The young man stood still but a moment, and rushed to the rear platform, muttering something about a passenger wanting to get on. He concluded to stand the loss of the fare rather than to get it in that manner—before so many people.

CUTTING GLASS UNDER WATER WITH SCISSORS.—The American Artisan republishes from the London Photographic News the following account of a process for cutting glass, which might be useful in cases where a glazier's diamond cannot be procured: "In order to insure success, two points must be attended to; first and most important, the glass must be quite level while scissors are applied; and second, to avoid risk, it is better to begin the cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and so reduce the shape gradually to that required, for if an attempt is made to cut the glass all at once to the shape, as we would cut a piece of cardboard, it will most likely break just where it is not wanted. Some kinds of glass cut much better than others; the softer glasses cut best. The scissors need not be at all sharp, as their action does not depend much upon the state of the edge presented to the glass. When the operation goes on well, the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces, in a straight line with the blades. This method has often proved very useful in cutting ovals, etc., which would be very expensive if ground out; and though the edges are not so smooth as may be desired for some purposes, the method is worth knowing."

The women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice; and a friend of ours says they ought also to pledge themselves to kiss every man that don't use it—and we go for that too.

An Arkansas planter writes: We will make corn enough to do the country this year—last year we had too much cotton on the brain.

Europe Gives Up Mexico.

The London Times, after gravely reviewing the status of Mexico, comes to the conclusion "that Mexicans must settle their own affairs, or, at any rate, must get assistance from their own side of the Atlantic." The Times pretty frankly admits this is not entirely voluntary when it says "the United States have forbidden the civilizing agencies of a foreign power in Mexico." The Times speaks truly when it says that Europe would have given Mexico "an organized government, though under monarchical institutions." The United States forbade this, and now Mexico has, practically, no government. The logical deduction from this conduct is that our government is bound to give Mexico protection against anarchy and ruin—which the United States will do no doubt, as soon as she gets through with the little job of producing ruin and anarchy at home. The United States are in a nice condition just now to give liberal institutions and protection to other countries. Shall we go abroad to establish that which we are destroying at home? And ain't we traveling the same road as poor God-forsaken Mexico?

PICKLED EGGS.—In the counties of Hants and Dorset, in England, pickled eggs constitute a very prominent feature in the farmhouse and store-rooms, inasmuch that they would be considered by the industrious housewife but indifferently furnished without them. The mode in which good dames pickle them is simply thus:—At the season of the year when their stock of eggs is plentiful, they cause some four or six dozen to be boiled in a capacious saucepan until they become quite hard. They then, after removing the shells, lay them carefully in large mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves.—When cold they are bunged down close, and in a month are fit for use. When eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive; and as an ascetic accompaniment to cold meat, it cannot be outvalued for piquancy.

At a negro meeting held near Charlottesville, Virginia, on the 4th, a colored preacher was the chief spokesman. He said he would be satisfied with nothing less than absolute social as well as political equality, and he would not think reconstruction properly effected until he could enter the parlor of the best white man in the land, and be addressed as "Mr. Lindsay." He urged the negroes to elect a black Governor and a fair share of the Legislature, one Senator and all the Congressmen they could get.

MRS. CHILD SAYS—"Men more frequently marry for love than women, because women think they will not have a better chance, and dread being dependent. When the husband discovers that he has been picked as a mere matter of convenience, he don't like the trick that has been played on him."

The reason women never stammer is because they talk so fast a stammer has got no chance to get in. People stutter because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about anything?

The Ohio Democrats are confident of carrying that State next fall. So they are in Pennsylvania. The black phycic begins to work and nauseate the white stomach of the North.

A Western wag remarks that he has seen a couple of sisters who have to be told everything together, for they were so much alike they couldn't be told apart.

North and South.

A correspondent of the Charleston Mercury is giving a report of his experiences and observations while making a tour in the North. He thus speaks of what he heard and said among the Democrats of Connecticut:

"The Democrats indorse Gov. Perry's 'no Convention' policy.—They say the South seceded without cause, but now has abundant cause for revolution, and ought not, by any acquiescence, to virtually indorse the Radical pleasures. They bitterly denounce the military governments now ruling with despotic sway over once proud and sovereign States, and are especially severe upon that hyper-excessive negro-phillism which gives every thing to gentlemen of color and practically maintains that 'white is no color at all—at all!'"

"To all this we had but one reply: Gentlemen, it may do very well for you to talk of revolution, but we have had enough of it.—We have not the power, if we had the desire, to repeat any such experiment. Our policy and our desire is peace, and the arts of peace we would cultivate. If there is to be any more revolution, you must kick it up among yourselves. The man who has his hand in the lion's mouth, if a sensible man will do nothing to irritate the animal. If military governments are obnoxious, we can be relieved of their presence only by the restoration of civil rule; this can only be effected by our return to the Union, and for this there is but one road open—'all others lead astray.'"

Didn't have the Courage.

A young man from the country came to the Mansion House, at Northampton, Massachusetts, the other evening, with his "gal" to be married, and she was shown into the parlor while he went in search of a minister. In the meantime a large number of ladies and gentlemen, by chance, also entered the parlor, and when the young man returned and saw so large a company, his courage oozed away and he suddenly sloped. When everything was fixed for the ceremony, no bridegroom was present, and the minister and landlord went in search of him. He was found with the perspiration streaming from his manly brow, but no argument could induce him to face the music. "He wasn't going to be jined before all them folks; no how." As a compromise, the happy couple were taken to another apartment, where the solemn rites were duly performed.

EXPOSURE OF A MEAN TRICK.—The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune thus exposes a mean trick upon the part of the Radicals. It says:

"I trust that the independent and fearless press of the South will take up and expose the shameful and wicked fraud which the Northern members of Congress have practiced, in appointing double the number of cadets to West Point to which they were entitled, and then charging the extra number to the Southern States. The fraud was carefully concealed at the time, but it has now come to light. Of the graduating class of 1867, the usual number are put down as from Louisiana, Georgia, Texas, South Carolina, Alabama, etc., when really these graduates are Yankee boys, appointed by Northern Congressmen from Northern States. Is there no end to the rascality which the war has generated in the North?"

The death of one person from pork disease, in Springfield, Ill., has caused the people there to abandon pork pretty generally. A dozen deaths from rum wouldn't frighten them half so much, nor damage the trade in the least.